The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

High Profits and an Elite

THE contracts just concluded between General Motors and the United Auto Workers and the International Union of Electrical Workers, CIO, constitute a high-water mark for the American worker. Some three hundred thousand men in both unions are involved.

Consider the new status of the GM employee. For five years there are to be no strikes to interrupt steady employment. He is to receive a four cents an hour wage-increase annually. If the cost of living should rise appreciably, his wages will be raised accordingly; a drop in living costs can only reduce his pay within modest, specified limits. The company pays half the cost of Blue Cross and Blue Shield medical plans and the worker is assured 50 percent higher benefits in cases of illness or accident.

When the General Motors worker reaches the voluntary retirement age of 65, or the compulsory one of 68, he will receive a combined company and government pension of $100 per month. Since the company agrees to pay a fixed amount, pensions will be even higher if the government should carry out its proposed increases in social security benefits.

The widely-acclaimed General Motors settlement was possible, in the first place, because of the corporation's phenomenal profits and prospects. Expert management has made the most of abnormal postwar demand. And one of the first effects of such an agreement is a competitive one. The fact that it will be able to attract the very best workers in the business should put General Motors even further ahead of its major and minor industrial rivals. Mr. Reuther himself has just conceded that all auto companies do not have a similar ability to pay.

Similar labor agreements in other industries can only prove to be good business—the idea is certain to spread. One effect will be to increase the already considerable competitive advantages of a number of successful companies. Even though the long-held American managerial tradition of resisting wage demands every step of the way will prevent other companies from capitalizing on this far-sighted idea.

Perhaps the good pay schedules and social security provisions serve as a compensation for the rigors of the assembly line and the uncertainties of employment that have marked the course of the American auto industry. There are, however, other highly concentrated and chronically successful industries which do not require from their workers such conformities to mass-production techniques, and which could afford long-term contracts embodying similar terms. Take, for instance, certain of the "blue-chip" corporations beloved in the investment sectors of Wall Street.

IF THE GM pattern should eventually be widely adopted, where can small enterprise look for its manpower? One factor is unemployment—endemic in the American economy except in war periods. Another is the preference that certain able men have for smaller outfits where things are less impersonal. But pensions are the crux of the matter. Desirable as it is for citizens to build up reserves for their own and their family's future as they work at their jobs year after year, there are too many American companies whose margin of operation is too precarious for them to contribute in whole or in part to the social security of their workers. If this is true of "good times" like the present, how much more so when we are confronted with the inevitable dips in the business cycle?

If social security is to be attained by the millions of others who are irregularly employed by a variety of companies, or who eke out a living by some sort of self-employment (or for some other reason do not qualify under the current government schedule) this essential for a decent livelihood will have to be provided primarily by government. The co-existence of retired workers with a decent minimum and those on higher pensions thanks to a successful firm like General Motors is not inconceivable.

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• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT explains why there is a strong sentiment in France favoring neutrality over the alliance with the United States which is involved in the Atlantic Pact.

"Can France be completely hypnotized by the anti-American propaganda of the Communist Party? Could the French people have forgotten all that America has done to help them the last few years? Certainly not. There is no ingratitude in this point of view, on the contrary. But there is first of all that intuitive reaction of all Western peoples who are not languishing under the Soviet heel that perhaps anything is preferable to a new world war. . . ."

Prose and Poetry

THE presence of Senator Joseph McCarthy dominated the fortieth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association held at Rochester, New York from May 24 to 27. Though a minority among the delegates seemed to be critical of the program committee's choice of McCarthy for principal speaker, no public protest was made. Generally speaking, applause for the Senator indicated that he was very welcome at the convention.

In his headline-making speech the Senator said he wanted to make it clear that he did not speak for the Catholic Church nor the CPA but only for Joe McCarthy. After the speech he distributed copies of what he described as "secret loyalty files" to the editors present. Then for a generous session he answered questions, speaking informally. At one point the Senator was asked if he would repeat the charges made under senatorial immunity, then and there, answer yes or no. But the Senator said he would like to answer the question his own way, and he did, at length. Several times during the informal session McCarthy referred to the tremendous expense his investigations have entailed. For instance, he explained, the material he had given out that evening cost twenty-one cents for each copy. Expenses attached to his work were growing all the time, he said, but he received contributions from Democrats and Republicans alike, men and women who believe in him. He said he keeps on his desk thirty-seven cents mailed to him by a nine-year-old boy who wanted his birthday money used "to fight Communism."

Several times during the evening Senator McCarthy received a standing ovation from the Catholic editors one of whom, Mr. Patrick Scanlan, introduced him, describing McCarthy as the courageous victim of slander and a national smear campaign. After the Senator's speech, Mr. Scanlan, using a baseball metaphor—"We in Brooklyn always think in baseball terms," he said—admitted that he once had some doubts about McCarthy's control but was now convinced it was as good as his speed.

Earlier the same day, during luncheon, Bishop Michael J. Ready, Episcopal Chairman of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who left the convention before McCarthy's speech, said he found the Catholic Press was sometimes regrettably cool toward men in public life who had fought the good fight against Communism through the years by the

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quiet hard work necessary to remove the breeding ground of Communism. Bishop Ready warned the Catholic editors against unduly reflecting the hysteria found in certain sections of the secular press and spoke disparagingly, in general terms, of loud-voiced men in the public eye whose irresponsible activities he hoped would never be confused with the high purposes of the Catholic press.

The Association awarded its annual prizes—the Catholic equivalent of the Pulitzer prizes, an officer announced—after the Bishop's address. Winning publications were: for the best magazine, *The Catholic World,* for the best newspaper, Mr. Scanlan's Brooklyn *Tablet*. THE COMMONWEAL was awarded the best-poetry prize—for Jessica Powers' "Living with the Holy Ghost."

The Laughter of the East

AFTER half a million young people wearing rain-drenched blue shirts had marched on the Unter den Linden, carrying banners that cried *Shoulder to shoulder with the People's Police we will make all Germany ours;* after the 500,000 had sent a message to Stalin vowing not to shirk "from any trouble or exertion to destroy the horrible activity of the Anglo-American warmongers"; after the pounding chant "Ul-bricht! Ul-bricht!" was finished (Herr Ulbricht is deputy premier of the East German state); then Mayor Ernst Reuter of West Berlin made a statement. He recalled the promises the Communists made two months ago to seize Berlin with their children's march, and the Mayor said Whitsunday had proved the "complete failure of the Communist attempts to overrun Berlin." He then added an appeal to the people of West Berlin to help the "poor, hungry children who deserve our sympathy." But after the march the Soviets could boast that possessing the children, they will someday possess all of Germany.

In this episode in the continuing battle for Berlin the armaments used by both sides were the most powerful each could mount. The Soviets marched with children. They own the children of East Germany; that was their Pentecost message to the West. Ernst Reuter could only answer with words. Yet while words are all that he could use in counterattack (the weapons of the West Police and the occupying troops can prevent the Soviets from marching into Berlin, but they do not serve to liberate the East), the force of the propaganda ought not be underestimated.

The Big Three said on the day before the youth march that they would not sign a separate peace with the Western Republic which would bring a more permanent partition of Germany. "The Western powers do not wish to associate themselves with any such concept." They called for free all-German elections to bring an all-German government. The news was sent into the East by the Allied radio on the weekend of the youth march. The Soviets rejected the proposal as a "Hottentot election."

Chancellor Adenauer now has the argument to exploit. In speaking to the Germans in the Soviet sector with hope and encouragement, with the truth about the Western zone and the proposed elections, Adenauer and Reuter put themselves in the heat of the struggle. The meaning of their words to the dispossessed is comprehended when the subway conductor announces soberly that the westbound train "is now leaving the democratic sector of Berlin"—and, as they did on Whitsunday, the passengers laugh.

West Europe Coal and Steel

IT IS THE general idea of merging French and German heavy industry that has made an impact. Whatever American prodding may have preceded it, here is a plan that has sprung full grown from a Europe which is in the process of reviving. It promises to mitigate a rivalry which is centuries old and led to some of Europe's worst wars. It would end a ruinous competition which once again begins to operate to a disturbing degree. There is talk of extending the program to other industries: foodstuffs, wool, synthetic gasoline, civil airlines, hydro-electric power, investment banking. Over the horizon lies the prospect of a continent more populous than the United States, freed from its old customs barriers—a continent like the United States able to produce for a vast domestic market of its own.

As always the rub comes in the execution—here there are many barriers to hurdle. Britain is a case in point. Under present tensions nothing would please the British more than the economic and political revival of Western Europe. However, the coal and steel industries are essential to Britain's own full employment pro-

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gram and her economic survival. London must think twice before resigning to some international body its sovereignty in a matter of such national moment. So that instead of releasing a full-speed ahead signal, as the French had hoped, the British have gone no further than to welcome preliminary discussions and agree to participate in them.

The principals themselves have many thorny details to elaborate. Costs of production are higher in France than in Germany. Some sort of equalization fund must be set up. The French have already expressed anxiety about the fate of their marginal mines. Then there is the problem of new facilities: strip mills are now being completed in France, Belgium and Luxembourg; should Germany, too, build some new steel mills of her own? What about other European nations? The Benelux countries appear eager to join, while Italy has been rather diffident.

On the basis of preliminary talks between Jean Monnet and Chancellor Adenauer, it is proposed that the new Franco-German heavy industry be bi-partite. A study section would be charged with matters of general policy: investment, production, salaries, prices. An action section would handle funds for modernization, methods of equalizing distribution and so forth.

The time-table is hardly that of an express. Proponents of the plan first look for adherence in principle from the several nations. Preliminary discussions are to proceed in Paris all this month. By August the program is supposed to be in tangible enough form to submit to the Council of Europe at Strasbourg. For all the stir it has caused, the proposed merger is, then, a long way from realization. But customs—and customs barriers—of long standing do not readily evaporate. It is impossible for us over here to realize how strong such traditions are.

The day has not yet arrived when major powers relinquish control of their own destinies even to some international authority of which they form a constituent part. So that if the integration of West European industry should come to be, it will establish an invaluable precedent.

A Hoax

LEGISLATIVELY at least, it is hard to imagine a more thoroughly hamstrung group of men than the Truman Democrats whenever they try to get a civil rights measure past the Dixiecrats and through Congress. The recent failure to limit debate, and thus avoid a filibuster, over the Fair Employment Practices legislation has led veteran Washington hands to believe that, with Southern opposition what it is, it is virtually impossible to get the necessary 2/3 Senate vote to pass this cloture rule and prevent a filibuster. So the future for civil rights looks as bleak as ever.

Since both party platforms endorse civil rights, since the Constitution guarantees them and since the House has already passed a bill providing for at least a non-compulsive FEPC, it can safely be said that in this case the will of the national majority is ineffective. In that sense democracy is ineffective. It is, of course, as a minority claiming all the rights of a minority, and in the name of what is called Southern democracy, that the Southerners will tell you that the democratic principle in this country is really being upheld and that democracy was never more effective.

It is an unfortunate issue, in a way, on which to argue the political rights of a minority because the fight tends to become more and more just that: a political scramble for power, whereas the real issue is not at all primarily political. The Dixiecrats talk about a third party holding the balance of power, the Democrats beat down the bush up North looking for votes in the back-country, and the Republicans sit back highly pleased, joining the rebels against the Fair Deal whenever they can. Meantime, amid all the deals and debates, the simple facts that the American Constitution was written in the belief that men are equal by nature and that charity and justice are the sources of democratic rights, are drowned out and all but lost.

The truth is, the Dixiecrats draw what minority political rights they have from the morality of this Constitutional position and still, without batting an eye, they refuse the same rights to another minority. So the whole civil rights controversy has gotten to be quite an exercise in contradiction, not the least of which is the spectacle of a Congress unable legislatively to back up its Constitution. One can scarcely scoff at the propagandists who say that all this makes a hoax of American democracy.

These are the days when fear of subversion as a threat to our internal security is something that few headline readers can avoid. Yet the Dixiecrats, who are first-class subversives in their own way and who are about as internal as you can get, may be a lot harder to get rid of than foreign agents.

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Life in the Soviet Zone

Behind the Iron Curtain, Germans have learned the hard way what liberty really means.

By ALFRED FRISCH

THE lack of exact and revealing information on Eastern Germany is surprising, considering the numerous links of all kinds between the populations of the two German zones. But severe censorship permits only strictly personal or business correspondence. The German and Soviet authorities are extremely discreet and conceal the economic transformation of their zone behind statistics and percentages.

The foreign correspondents scarcely ever leave Berlin and are ignorant of what transpires in the provinces under Soviet domination. Of course there are political or non-political refugees who flee to the West with a frightening regularity. But their evidence is often subjective and very difficult to weigh.

Public opinion has for several decades had that unhappy faculty of distrusting every disagreeable truth in order not to be irreparably confronted with cruelty or barbarism. After 1933 the people were unwilling to believe in the existence of Nazi concentration camps and in 1950 there are still in Western society too many who force themselves to spare their consciences every emotion and who say: "We cannot know for sure if it is really true."

It is certain, however, that living conditions are extremely bad in Eastern Germany. The best proof is that every day for fifteen months now a thousand people secretly cross the zonal boundaries to seek refuge in Western Germany. Of these hundreds of thousands of people only a handful are political refugees. The great majority prefer the unknown perils of voluntary exile to the certainty of destitution. Nevertheless the Sovietized press never misses a chance to paint in the blackest colors the fate reserved for refugees once they have crossed the line. Even to an objective observer that fate is hardly enviable, especially for those who do not find a haven with some member of their family.

Living conditions are unquestionably better in Western Germany. There is no more rationing there or lack of food; in the Eastern Zone everything is scarce, whether it is a straight pin or a piece of cloth, a scraggly potato or a good piece of meat. Even the wretched official rations are not always available and everyone who is not a member of the new directing classes or who does not work in enterprises having priority, lives under a continual threat of hunger. The general poverty is such that even the responsible heads of important nationalized enterprises are, according to frequent experiences of West German businessmen, disposed to make concessions and grant favors in return for very modest gifts.

To make the Iron Curtain a line of demarcation between hell and paradise or simply to condemn summarily all that the Soviets have done in their occupation zone since Hitler's collapse would be to oversimplify.

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THE Soviet authorities were able to pardon the former Nazis because their de-Nazification was really effective. Contrary to what happened in the Western zones, they have not allowed the process to be transformed into a farce that is more tragic than comic. Their methods were extremely brutal, and, if it is hardly possible to condone them, it must nevertheless be admitted that the desired result was completely attained. Those members of the former ruling classes who still play some role today are only powerless marionettes of the Soviet apparatus. The Nazi danger, which is always present under various forms in West Germany, is absolutely non-existent in the Soviet Zone. This is due more to a radical social transformation than to the most inhuman police measures.

From the beginning of the occupation the Soviet authorities destroyed the financial power of the upper and lower middle classes, condemning them to a rapid proletarianization. Bank accounts were immediately blocked and except for a minority of very poor people these sums have definitely been lost. Then they expropriated, practically without indemnity, the property of those who possessed more than two hundred and fifty acres, as well as large industrial holdings. The fact of having belonged to any Nazi organization whatever was enough to have one's fortune confiscated.

Up to this point it might barely be possible to

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approve of the Soviet policy. But it did not stop there. It not only destroyed an inequitable social and political system but it also voluntarily and unscrupulously produced innumerable new innocent victims by replacing the Nazi police regime with one that is probably still more inhuman.

The exact number of people who have been deported to the interior of the Soviet Union without trial or without a major reason since 1945 is not known. Often the sole object was to intimidate the people and smother in advance the least desire for revolt. As a highly characteristic and most agonizing example, the transportation of some thousands of children and their settlement in the USSR might be cited. Another continual threat is forced labor in the uranium mines, at Aue, where they even send women. The working conditions in these mines are the more frightful because the Russians lack materials and the workers are obliged to carry the ore from certain diggings in baskets fastened to their backs. The food is insufficient, the working day very long. Conditions conform to the Soviet contempt for human rights.

There is no totalitarianism without police. Therefore there is nothing surprising in the creation of a ministry of internal security which controls police forces in the Soviet Zone and is estimated at three hundred to four hundred thousand well-equipped men, as well as a network of secret police. Spying is greatly encouraged. They have not even hesitated to revive the famous block-warden of Nazi fame—an official spy appointed for each house to report to his masters the least change of humor on the part of the tenants.

It is known that the great mass of the Germans is politically indifferent. They might then be expected to accommodate themselves rather easily to the regime imposed by the USSR. Not at all. For Communists in our day do not accept indifference or tolerate any neutrality. They are not only arrayed against the opposition; they pursue the indifferent with an equal rigor. Their system is based on police decision and they no longer leave people in security or quiet. Even the most faithful can no longer rely on a tranquil political conscience.

Those who live in the East have finally realized what liberty essentially is. They no longer say, with certain Western intellectuals, that the masses have no longer need of liberty, provided someone gives them enough to eat. Liberty no longer leave people in security or quiet. Even thinks and to go regularly to the polls, but it is the most elementary guarantee of security—or, in still more simple terms, the right of each individual to dispose, even within narrow limits, of his own person. The Soviet regime deprives men of this final liberty and it thus gives to bread, even when it is plentiful, a taste that is extremely bitter.

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SLOWLY but systematically the collectivization of Eastern Germany is being prepared. At the beginning of the occupation the Soviet authorities effected a vast agrarian reform which normally should have been the work of the Weimar Republic. This delay was doubtless one of the causes of Hitlerism and of the Sovietization which has taken its place.

Against the principle of this reform there is nothing to say. There is more to criticize in its application. In order to benefit the greatest number of people, the average holding of distributed land was limited to 12½ acres. This means tracts which are hard to make a living on and are still more unsatisfactory as farms on which to use modern machinery. The immediate result was a catastrophic drop in production. Even now Eastern Germany, long one of the largest producers of potatoes in the world, is obliged to ration that commodity.

The failure of the agrarian reform was probably intended. The idea was to prepare the individualistic peasants of Germany for collectivization by setting them up on their own under conditions that made success impossible. The authorities are about to set up the first collective farms, soon to be followed by many others.

The situation in industry from the beginning was more clear-cut, thanks to numerous justified or arbitrary confiscations. Enterprises fall into three categories today. The first, which controls important key industries and accounts for a fifth of the workers, is comprised of Soviet corporations: factories confiscated by the Russians as reparations and exploited for their own account. These Soviet corporations enjoy all possible and imaginable privileges. They have absolute priority in raw materials. Until recently they have not even paid taxes. Their production is in principle at the disposal of the Soviet Union, which sometimes grants a portion to the German economy.

The second group comprises businesses which have been nationalized under German control. They account for about half of the workers in Eastern Germany. They are organized on the Soviet model with the highest degree of centralization. The trade unions have very little influence. Workers employed by the Soviet corporations have practically no trade union protection either.

On the other hand, the Communist unions are the principal means of control and sabotage in the weak private sector, which still employs thirty percent of the East German workers but which handles only secondary production and is

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soon doomed to disappear.

The situation is not very different in the field of commerce. The State does everything possible to favor "cooperatives." In various areas in the zone it has directly nationalized certain commercial enterprises such as movie theaters and drug stores. Moreover, everywhere the authorities have opened their own stores, which are alone authorized to sell so-called unrationed products.

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ECONOMICALLY the Soviet Zone of Germany is on the verge of total exhaustion. For several years Soviet exploitation has been almost unlimited. After very extensive dismantling—even the rails from the train tracks and the railroad signals—Moscow has made the industry of the occupation zone operate almost solely for its own account, that is to say, for the payment of reparations. Even now after a so-called normalization, about a quarter of all production from the Soviet Zone is taken for reparations. Since this production is not yet more than three-fifths of its 1936 figure (compared to eighty-three percent in the Western Zone), the scarcity of consumers' goods of all kinds can well be imagined.

The German economy is being progressively integrated into that of the Eastern bloc, except that it is more directly and more completely in the control of the USSR than the economies of the other satellites.

What is more serious for the economy of the world is the fact that the Soviet Union maintains a partial or total export monopoly over a substantial part of the German production. The goods in question are offered abroad by Soviet corporations on a veritable dumping basis, all the while realizing certain profits.

The two-year plan now in process is relatively modest. Nevertheless it is encountering many difficulties, due in part to the unbalance resulting from the division of Germany into two parts. The production of steel, tires and window glass is relatively satisfactory, although rather small. With most of the other branches of industry the situation seems hardly encouraging. There is also an appreciable decrease in production. In the metallurgical industry it is less than half of the pre-war average.

Industrial activity is also held back by a chronic lack of raw materials. Up to now Eastern Germany has not received any credits. It is obliged to keep its imports and exports strictly in balance, even and especially in its relations with the USSR. (Since the end of the war, Western Germany has received from the occupying powers, or rather the United States, gifts worth several billion dollars.)

These economic difficulties, when added to the ministrations of the police, can hardly attract the population to the Soviet regime. The great majority of the people are hostile to the Communists who dominate the country. The only support for this so-called democratic republic comes from the political and trade union organizations, a minority of intellectuals and some workers who get special benefits. It can therefore be said that the last satellite of the Soviet Union is particularly weak and psychologically vulnerable.

Eastern Germany nevertheless constitutes a permanent danger for the Western World. One day it might become a pole of attraction for the German populations in the West. Man, even when he is a German, has a weakness for logic, and the policy of the Russians, inhuman and cruel as it is, is logical. It methodically and consistently pursues a well-determined end: socialization in favor of the great Soviet Union.

In contrast, on the other side of the Iron Curtain, at Bonn, there is an endless series of exhausting disharmonies. Eastern Germany is under-populated and its numbers continue to diminish through flight to the West or deportation to the East—and by the high death rate. Western Germany is haunted by the terrible specter of unemployment. This is not only a consequence of the liberal economic policy of the Adenauer government, but it is almost inevitable, considering the presence of 9,000,000 refugees.

The Americans, who have impelled the German government toward economic liberalism, have no right to speak with hypocritical indignation of economic failure. When we consider that the population of Western Germany has increased by more than a million and a half people since the monetary reform, it is rather surprising that there are only 2,000,000 unemployed—that is to say, that an economy which was in a weak and convalescent state has been able to absorb an enormous mass of refugees.

Be that as it may, confronting the over-populated Western Zones is the void of Soviet Germany. The power of attraction of that void will be much more to be feared if there are idle men living in misery without hope.

Too much faith should not be put in the sincere anti-Communism of the Germans nor in their likewise sincere horror of the treatment imposed on their fellow-countrymen living on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Theoretically every German would prefer the life of an unemployed person in Western Germany to the existence of a salaried worker under a totalitarian regime. But in practice men unhappily set up another hierarchy of values. When they have no bread, they are no longer interested in liberty. We must give them bread so that they may see that this bread is worth nothing without liberty. That is the great dilemma of our time.

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FROM GERMANY

'The Ami'—a Picasso Portrait

ONE day recently in the early morning, some of my friends found little posters on their doors with a doggerel rhyme printed on them foretelling that the occupation forces would go their way soon. My friends were as little impressed as people were in the English zone, where slogans like "Tommy, go home" were chalked on the walls. Their sentiments were, they said, expressed in a line scribbled beneath the printed words ". . . and what comes after that?" Perhaps, they said, the same boy ordered by the Communists to stick the bills up during the night had given vent to his and their feelings in this way.

When my friends started grumbling about the Americans half an hour later, I was reminded of an experience some time ago that seems typical of the various German attitudes toward Americans and the American occupation. The army was having field-practice and wanted to make use of the German sirens—those awful souvenirs of air-raids that still make all Germans jump. The population was ordered to go off the streets at the sound of the sirens and look for shelter in the nearest house. This order had caused much excitement and indignation, and anti-American feelings were running high. Notwithstanding, all agreed with a woman who exclaimed on a street-car: "Now they are sending us into shelters —and when we come out again, they are off and have left us behind!"

"They"—the "Amis"—are so many things at the same time: "they" are better than the Russians (to whom one would be left, if "they" went their way); "they" allocate our houses and put two persons in six rooms, while the expropriated family has two rooms for six; "they" invite our sons to America where they enjoy life very much; "they" have let denazification become grotesque; "they" interfere constantly with our problems, forcing on us laws good for America but bad for us; "they" have sent us parcels in time of scarcity, but "they" have delivered German prisoners of war to France like slaves, where many of them starved; "they" have punished people for being anti-Russian in 1945 and for being pro-Russian in 1948; "they" are giving and lending us money, but "they" let the old Nazis come back. Will "they" really stick to Europe in the long run or surrender it to Russia (as "they" abandoned Thuringia and Saxony in 1945) if Europe or Germany becomes the price for a world-wide agreement with Russia?

This monologue—it could be continued for hours—obviously mixes up very different things: individuals with whom one has had good or bad experiences, an occupation power that is, of course, an annoyance, a people beyond the ocean whose politics are of vital interest but rather incomprehensible, and last but not least, officials who preach reeducation, while the individuals—but now the vicious circle starts afresh. After five years of occupation the picture is more confused than ever. If "the German" were to depict "the American," the result would be a portrait of Picasso's; it would have, at least, two noses and three eyes.

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ONE reason is that there were very few personal contacts in these years. They were limited, on one side, to some German officials and intellectuals who had business with American officers—and the better ones felt handicapped because of the different standards of living before the currency-reform; on the other side, there was a fraternization on a merely erotic level—relations which proved profitable due to these different living standards. Social clubs usually were a failure, but the few contacts that were made were very cordial. One often hears today that the French are much more "human" than the Americans—though the atrocities of 1945 and the hardships that followed in the French zone are not at all forgotten. There is, after all, this common feeling between the French and Germans: both were poor and had lost their positions as world-powers when the war ended; in Germany the French did not live in separate quarters behind barbed wire, but under the same roofs with Germans and—a fact a clever Frenchman emphasized in a lecture the other day—they never used the word "reeducation."

This word was used in the first years not only in a political, but in a moral sense. It reminded the Germans of the Nazi slogans of "Umschulung" or even "Gleichschaltung" and had for their ears an undertone of Sunday-schools and self-righteousness. It hurt the feelings of the anti-Nazis and made it good sport for nationalists to find soft spots in the candid armor of half-gods. Whether and where these soft spots existed, does not matter here. In any event, all meetings of Americans and Germans were shadowed by the idea of reeducation. The result was an aloofness that often caused the G.I. to look for company in the lowest social strata. In the beginning of this year, the Catholic bishop of Limburg, Dr. Kempf, exhorted the faithful to grant genuine hospitality to American soldiers in order to let them take part in Christian family life. There are, of course, exceptions, but the more lasting contacts were made through the initiative of Americans in the USA rather than within Germany. The generous help in time of need has not been forgotten; correspondence that started in these years is continued, and friendships were built that will last.

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THE activities of the Military Government and the High Commission have been the target of much criticism on both sides of the ocean. It is obvious that many Germans are inclined to impute to American politics what was the result of Nazi-times and a lost war.

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But it cannot be denied that these policies also disappointed those who had looked forward to the Americans as liberators in 1945. There is a deep-felt distrust in the stability and efficiency of American politics. It has nothing to do with liking or disliking American individuals. It is often to be found in circles actually sympathizing with the American way of life, while having a philosophy that considers all political powers evil and inhuman at the core.

This attitude is a European, not only a German problem. Still there are specific German aspects of it that have to be dealt with in order to correct the distorted picture of "the American": there is the "social ignorance" foreign observers have found in so many Germans; there are the falsified Nazi pictures of Germany (like superficial Broadway versions of America); and there are the false impressions every occupation force gives of the people it represents.

Some of the American activities of the US government have had positive results in this respect. I shall mention some whose popularity is not contested. The German Youth Activities and the America Houses have developed into large centers. In March the 28 America Houses had more than a million visitors. There is a great interest in lectures (by Americans and Germans) and discussions, concerts and movies; all of the Houses have youth and children's groups. They have also been successful in attracting those people who are not able to read English. Of the 34,000 volumes in Munich, 8,000 are in German; book-rooms and bookmobiles make contact with farmers and inhabitants of small cities. All these services are free—a fact that caused some wrong use of the centrally heated America Houses as warming-rooms or even as laundries, but it surely enlarged the number of visitors.

★

WHAT impressed the Germans and made the America Houses popular was the lack of all propaganda and—a thing quite natural to all Americans, but almost unknown in Germany—the open shelf system. Since German librarians wanting to "lead" the reader dislike it, this system became sort of a symbol to many young people.

In some way this item contains the secret of the failure of reeducation as a whole and of the success of some of its activities: they are the more successful the less the educational purpose is felt. I have just been reading the letters of young German farmers who are spending a year on American farms. These boys and girls of 16 to 18 years emphasize the lack of distrust, the amiability and helpfulness of people over there. Had they been told "the values of American life" in Germany, they would have sneered at them. If it is possible to develop these programs of long-lasting contacts—that do not simply "impress" the visitors as short-term stays do—it would be the best means to correct the Picasso-picture built up of relicts of Nazi-times, casual experiences, incertitude and confused politics. CLARA MENCK.

Communications

The Fifty Thousand

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I have read with extreme interest the editorial entitled "The Fifty Thousand," which appears in the May 19 issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

You have shown clearly, I think, the ultimate tragedy of Communism which rests in its betrayal of God, self and country. It is truly the final Christian heresy, as M. Jacques Maritain, with his characteristic imaginative insight, has explained. I do find dreadful to contemplate those instants in time when the Communists of this country made their decision to stand contrary to both the Christian and democratic traditions of the western world.

Please accept my warmest congratulations for your thoughtful and decisive treatment of this compelling problem.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director,*
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The Catholic Press

Berkeley, California.

TO the Editors: Ever since the recent articles by Donald Attwater and Donald McDonald concerning the Catholic press, and the resulting correspondence (including Monsignor Smith's reply in the *Register*) I have been looking here and there for pertinent information on the subject. I have come across three items, each of which seems to me to indicate something significant about what the Catholic press should be.

The first is an editorial in the *Washington Post* dated December 29, 1944. Entitled "Pope On Democracy," it is an appreciative commentary on the Pope's Christmas message of that year, which was an important statement about democracy and the Church. Regretting that "throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, largely in reaction to the excesses of the French Revolution, the main Catholic political influence in Europe, though not in the United States, followed a direction counter to democracy, as it was then and now conceived," the editorial goes on to say that "The clergy, by isolating themselves from the main intellectual currents of the times, lost the opportunity to direct them. And the democratic and anticlerical state, isolated from spiritual influences, grew more and more materialist, and degenerated into the very plutocracy which the Pope has described." Substitute "Catholic press" for "clergy" and the quotation becomes even more relevant to the current problem.

The second item is culled from *The New Yorker* of

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May 6, 1950, from "Letter From Rome," by Genet. The Italian Catholic Action is discussed at some length. In regard to its literary weekly, *La Fiera Letteraria,* judged to be the best literary weekly in Rome, Genet says that Italian Catholic Action "is interested in the cinema, in art, and even in abstract sculpture. Owing to proscriptions that were laid down by Mussolini's concordat with the Vatican and that are still in force, Azione (Catholic Action) is strictly apolitical."

It is hard to conceive of Italian Catholic Action indulging in "chit-chat" in the midst of the critical situation existing there. The only conclusion is that it is not "chit-chat" but something of great importance, even though it does not come within the scope of official Catholic life.

The third, and in some ways the most convincing of the three items is a quotation from Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism." It is a long quotation, worth the space it takes.

> There are, perhaps, four main attitudes which religious opinion may adopt toward the world of social institutions and economic relations. (1) It may stand on one side in ascetic aloofness and regard them as in their very nature of the sphere of unrighteousness, from which men *may* escape—from which, if they consider their souls, they *will* escape —but which they can conquer only by flight. (2) It may take them for granted and ignore them, as matters of indifference belonging to a world with which religion has no concern; in all ages the prudence of looking problems boldly in the face and passing on has seemed too self-evident to require justification. (3) It may throw itself into an agitation for some particular reform, for the removal of some crying scandal, for the promotion of some final revolution, which will inaugurate the reign of righteousness on earth. (4) It may at once accept and criticize, tolerate and amend, welcome the gross world of human appetites, as the squalid scaffolding from amid which the life of the spirit must rise, and insist that this also is the material of the Kingdom of God. To such a temper, all activities divorced from religion are brutal or dead, but none are too mean to be beneath or too great to be above it, since all, in their different degrees, are touched with the spirit which permeates the whole. It finds its most sublime expression in the words of Piccarda: "Paradise is everywhere, though the grace of the highest good is not shed everywhere in the same degree."

It is the latter spirit, Tawney adds, that predominantly characterized the medieval Church.

If there is any comment to be made on this quotation, it seems to be that we have at least gotten together in one sentence the diverse viewpoints of Monsignor Smith and Leopoldo B. Valdes, of Father Neil O'Connor and Thomas L. Scanlon. For we know that they have all stated the truth in greater or lesser degree. There is the "squalid scaffolding" but there is also "the life of the spirit." But can we afford to neglect either one?

Is it to be the Christian *and* the World, or the Christian *in* the world?

BARRY GILL.

Newcastle, N. B., Canada.

TO the Editors: Your quotation of Monsignor Matthew Smith (May 5) is quite effective—to a reader of THE COMMONWEAL. I doubt that it will disturb Monsignor Smith and his 800,000. I would suggest, however, that the Monsignor's "plant," which he would also describe in six figures (or seven), is a fraction of an enormous investment in education and publicity, and it seems tragic that this great effort and sacrifice of the Catholic people should be dominated by men with Monsignor Smith's contempt for "literature and 'culture.'"

Since the rise of the Communist empire other enemies of the Church have been quick to perceive in it a caricature of the most vulnerable aspects of Catholic practice. The widespread, not to say general, hatred of culture displayed by Catholic educationists and publicists on this continent is in fact hatred of truth. It is no good to keep saying that Catholics do not need to fear truth, when so many prominent Catholics are obviously terrified of it. The truth they have they do not trust. They have no confidence that the principles they profess will sustain them in the actual world, so they will have nothing to do with that world and proceed to create a fictitious world they hope will serve them better. There is a deadly parallel between Communist publicity and education and certain manifestations of Catholic publicity and education. It hurts us—directly by weakening our (always precarious) hold on reality, indirectly by scandalizing and antagonizing the honest unbeliever. If we are going to win the battle against Communism our Catholicism must be something more than another party line.

J. E. P. BUTLER.

An Appeal

Princeton, New Jersey.

TO the Editors: I just received a letter from a French country priest who tells me of his needs and distress. He is supporting a parish school for young children for nine years and must find 200,000 francs (about $600) this year for necessary repairs in the building. If these repairs are not made, the school will be closed and the poor man is completely at a loss.

I have thought that perhaps THE COMMONWEAL would be so kind as to recommend him to the charity of its readers? His name and address is as follows: Abbé R. DuCouret, Curé de Tusson (Charente) France.

JACQUES MARITAIN.

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The Screen

MURDER WILL OUT

THERE'S nothing like an exciting melodrama to let you release pent-up aggressions, and if this melodrama also has a sparkle of intelligence, it can give the brain a work-out too. Actually it is no harder for producers and directors to make a good movie with real cinema technique than a bad one. Since movies depend on what the eye sees when one picture is quickly put next to another, the movie maker who knows his business also knows just what the effect will be when the mind carries the visual message from one frame to the next. The movie editor and cutter are very important in this job too. Through their arrangement of these little pictures they can make you jump right out of your seat in fear or make you feel like punching a guy in the nose, or they can put you right to sleep in the theater. Of course in this age of sound films, what you hear is important too; and actually the finished movie also depends on many other people like the scriptwriters, musicians *and* the actors.

We are fortunate this week in having a couple of thrillers, which although they won't make cinema history, are well above the general level and manage to work up some tense situations without insulting your intelligence. Nicholas Ray directed *"In A Lonely Place"* and Mr. Ray knows how to keep you on edge. In this case he has Humphrey Bogart portraying a very angry and temperamental screenwriter. Mr. B. manages to insult most of the movie bigwigs with whom he works. He further indicates his contempt for his bosses by getting a dumb checkroom girl to tell him the plot of a novel which he is supposed to make into a movie script. Because he presumably is the last one to see this girl, on the night of the story-telling in his apartment, he is blamed when she is murdered on her way home. Actually the police have such an unpleasant record of Bogart's previous fights and misdemeanors, they have a right to be suspicious of him anyway. But to his defense comes a neighbor (Gloria Graham) who soon also makes the mistake of falling in love with this bad-tempered man. Director Ray is quite successful in convincing us that Gloria does love Humphrey, and he's even more successful in portraying Gloria's mixed feelings of love and fear when she sees what a bogey Bogart is. For a while she even seems to be going through with the marriage —in spite of the fact that her fiancé acts like an insane killer. The climax is terrific; and the ending, the only one that would make any sense, comes as a complete surprise.

Besides some very good acting by Bogart and Miss Graham and an excellent supporting cast, "In A Lonely Place" has a good script well flavored with wisecracks about Hollywood. I think the solution to the mystery is tossed off too casually at the end, but Producer Robert Lord and his director more than make up for this slight with exciting cinema. Jiggers for Bogie.

"The Capture" expects us to believe some things that are pretty hard to take, but it is still an unusual movie. Actually this is a chase film. Lew Ayres shoots a man suspected of being an outlaw, and later when the man dies, Lew tries to run away from his conscience; he realizes that he did not give the man sufficient time to surrender, and furthermore there is great doubt of the man's guilt in the first place. Driven by remorse, Lew comes to work for the man's widow (Teresa Wright) and later he goes about the seemingly hopeless job of proving the innocence of his victim. Some of the details of this plot are rather far-fetched; but its execution will hold you from beginning to end.

Written and produced by Niven Busch and directed by John Sturges, "The Capture" has the advantage of being made by men who understand cinema. After a slow build-up of characterization and setting (the Mexican locale has been beautifully photographed) the themes are carefully developed, and you too are drawn into the chase. You understand the feeling of guilt that prompts Lew to go to his victim's wife. The love affair between these two strains our credulity too much, but the subsequent events are handled well and the psychological motivation is sound. You may be as breathless as Lew by the time this chaser becomes the chased, but you won't be bored for a minute as you help him sweat through his problems. Although the acting is good, particularly that of the two leads, "The Capture" succeeds mainly because of its unity, because it uses cinema well to give the feeling of desperate running.

★

IT IS interesting that some melodramas with the right ingredients still fail. *"Caged"* is an example. Its story about women in prison has been carefully researched and many aspects of the film have a documentary atmosphere. But as we get deeper and deeper into the grim item, we realize that its realism is too complete, that its characters are too hopelessly bogged in crime and we are reviewing case histories that only add up to a depressing whole. The story centers mainly on Eleanor Parker who enters this Women's State Prison with not too serious an offense and leaves some time later, a hardened criminal. A good cast of women portray the various types that surround Miss Parker; however they are illustrating too realistically the statement made by the superintendent: "No prison is a normal place." Agnes Moorehead plays this superintendent role thoughtfully and we hope against hope that some of her modern methods of penology will be put into effect. Before the finale, Hope Emerson, as a sadistic, cheating matron, is killed, but very few other rays of light enter this dismal scene. Director John Cromwell exaggerated all the prisoner types a little, so the total effect of "Caged" is of a large finger wagging in your face and warning you to stay out of this place. Perhaps this is good; in any case no one would call it entertainment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Of Note

Religious Unity and Intolerance

THE April-May double issue of *Blackfriars* (St. Giles, Oxford, England) has the title "The Spirit of Unity." One of the articles is by the Rev. Gervase Mathew, O.P. This is an excerpt:

> I have great sympathy and great respect for many of those who are working towards reunion. But I have never classed myself among them, partly this is because "reunion" has never seemed to me an immediate and practical problem. Perhaps because, all my life, so many of my closest friends have belonged to different communions and religions from my own, I can realize what a gulf still remains.... But the need of mutual charity will always be an immediate and practical problem. All through history in every religion and in every Christian communion there have been members who have been infected by the spirit of religious intolerance. That spirit of intolerance has been always a father of lies leading to calumnies of individuals and to distorted travesties of the doctrines of others. It has had its roots deep down in the spirit of hatred and has flowered in season into acts of gross physical cruelty. To me therefore it has always seemed to be the spirit of Antichrist. Of its nature it is disruptive, violating the law of justice by denying to others the respect we owe them as a debt, denying ultimately those fundamental unities which link us to each other . . . the unity between all the children of God who are God-conscious.
>
> By chance I have had some first-hand experience of Islamic countries and I find it hard to understand how any God-conscious Christian of any communion can ignore the inner brotherhood which links us and the Mahommedan world. "Blessed is Allah the merciful and the compassionate." Any Christian who can care for Saint John of the Cross can surely understand the great Sufi mystics, and far beyond the mystical tradition of Islam there is the strength of popular Islamic religion; the sense of God in Whom they too live and move and have their being, the practical charity, the realization of man's individual dignity, yet common brotherhood. Again, surely, both Christendom and Islam are linked with the old traditions of orthodox Judaism, and with the belief in the transcendence and omnipotence of Adonai. While the traditions of contemplation in the further East, apparently so far more alien from our own than those of Israel and Islam, still witness in the beauty of a serene tranquility to the chasm between the contingent and the necessary and to the unique, absolute reality of God.

If You Love Me, Frown

By BERNARD RAYMUND

MISS MURCHISON had come up behind Ellis Baber's desk before he could turn back to the theorem they were all supposed to be studying. He heard her exhale with silent indignation as she lifted the book from his unresisting grasp. Then there was an ominous hush as she stepped ponderously along the aisle and turned to face him, an accusing finger on the fly-leaf.

"Ellis!" At the name heads were raised all over the class room in happy anticipation. "Is that any way to treat a new text-book?"

"I s'pose not."

"Ellis!"

"No ma'am." Murchy was death on manners—it didn't hurt to humor her.

"Isn't it bad enough for the State to furnish you books without your marking them all up first semester?"

"No ma'am—I mean yes, ma'am."

"And such a—" Miss Murchison snorted her disgust, "such a piece of vileness. That's just what it is! Why, when I was a girl no boy would *dare* do such a thing!"

Vile? So Murchy called it that? He had puzzled over the penciled words since the beginning of the period, trying to decide whether they were intended as a practical joke or were meant in earnest. Either way, what was he supposed to do? Murchy dismissed it with a grown-up epithet. That was too easy. Anyway, when Murchy was a girl they probably still used slates.

"And now," Miss Murchison's bulk hung over him until he was enveloped in a cloud of talcum, "what *I* want to know, Ellis Baber, is *who wrote this*?

"Ma'am?"

"Don't play innocent! Who wrote this delightful message on this immaculate page? Answer me, sir!"

"Why I did, sure."

He felt the classroom swept by a wave of interest at this response. It would have been just as simple and twice as natural to say he didn't know: what could Miss Murchison do then? And he might have done just that, taken the easy way, if this hadn't bothered him so. Now he'd gone and made a hero of himself.

"You?" Miss Murchison positively exploded. "Why, Ellis Baber, I know perfectly well it was *not* you!"

"It was, though." He could be just as stubborn as she, if she wanted it that way. Now he felt stubbornness rising to his ears, blurring his vision, confounding

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his tongue.

"It couldn't be," Miss Murchison triumphed. "I'll tell you how I know. In the first place you can't write half this well. Why this is actually legible! And besides, I know you would never stoop this low. It ain't in you. Your mother and I were in high-school together. . . ."

That was the trouble of having Mom's old-maid friends for teachers. Murchy had brought up the family-tie business three times already this semester. Right out in front of the class. He gritted his teeth with humiliation.

"I did too!" he repeated dully.

"You hush!" Miss Murchison faced the others defiantly, feeling she had become a hopeless minority of one. "Very well, class, I'll tell you what I'll do. If Ellis won't say who borrowed his book last night, I'll just let the guilty party confess himself. Here's the eraser," she drew the pencil from her back hair, "rub out this silly stuff, and I shan't say another word about it. All right, who's game to say he did it?"

Three hands flew up simultaneously from three quarters of the room. She shook her head. "That's an old catch, boys! Did you think you could take me in with anything like that?" She drew her blouse down in front, fighting for breath. "Since Ellis and the rest of you seem set to shield the guilty party, I'll just let you! Ellis's book stays here with me until it's made right. So, whoever it is, if you want Ellis to go without his lesson tomorrow, just keep on being a coward! Class dismissed!"

★

SHE was pinning back the tawny strands of hair that had shaken loose in her anger, when Miss Moody appeared in the door. "My chinquapins have come!" Miss Moody exulted. "Wanna help eat some, Murchy?"

Miss Murchison expired with noisy relief. "Helena, right now I could eat nails!" She flipped over the cover of Baber's book. "Read that, will you? Did you ever in your whole life?"

" 'If you love me, frown.' " Miss Moody clucked with assumed concern. "Sweet, isn't it?"

"Sweet?" Miss Murchison raged. "You wouldn't find it sweet if one of them held that up for you to see!"

"Well, no." Miss Moody swallowed her mirth. "I can remember when it would have put me in one hell of a dilemma!" She turned the cover back, looking for the name on the card in front. "Why, Ellis Baber? He was one of my star students in General Science!"

"But Ellis didn't do it. I spent the best part of the period trying to find out who had borrowed his book."

"Oh Murchy, you didn't?"

"Meaning I'm an old idiot? But Helena, when those boys tried to own up three at a time as the culprit. . . ."

"Just the *boys*?" Miss Moody's vowels were round with wonder.

"But Helena, surely no girl would *dream*. . . ?"

Miss Moody's laughter pealed along the deserted corridors. "Murchy dear, you're killing me. If we go up quick to my office we can see from the window which one it was!"

"You mean he'll be walking her home?" Miss Murchison was hoarse with chagrin. "To think at my age I should begin spying on my own students!"

★

VELMA MAE had not quite reached the first corner when Baber caught up with her. Had his thoughts not been in such a whirl he might have marveled at her slowness, might even have suspected that it was no less calculated than her casual "Hello," or the dimple that illumined her cheek as she held out her books for him to take.

"Gee, you don't know, Babe," there was something in her voice that sent sweet shivers down his spine, "how great that was of you! Honest, I'd have just died if old Murchy found out!"

He vaguely wondered at his own fortitude: he hadn't even felt like dying.

"There, you *are* frowning," Velma Mae giggled.

"Was I? I didn't mean to."

"Oh."

What did girls mean when they said "Oh" in that tone of voice? They walked on through the fine fall drizzle, their wet waterproofs touching, lisping together in a provocative murmer.

"How are you going to get along without your math book tonight?"

"Oh, I'll manage, I guess." But inwardly he gulped with dismay. "Did you find yours?"

"You've got it there. You wouldn't guess where I found it? In the cafeteria, imagine!" She giggled at him from under her turned-down hat-brim. "Lucky I didn't eat at the fountain, I'd never have found it. And then I couldn't let you use it this PM. You *will* stop in at my house and study those theorems with me, won't you Babe?"

Though the hand she laid upon his arm gave him a sensation remotely similar to that of electricity, he stumblingly explained that there was a load of coal at home for him to put away, and oh, lots of things to do.

"Well, I don't think that's very complimentary of you!"

He wondered what compliments had to do with his stopping at Velma Mae's. And then reminded uncomfortably by her arch sidewise look that he was frowning again, he struggled to achieve the semblance of a smile. Her silence remained chilly. How did you talk to girls? Why, when you thought you were hitting on all cylinders, did they always turn off the ignition? The rain dripped dolefully from the branches above their heads and splattered among the drifted leaves, decaying now to skeletons of summer. The tires of passing cars hissed through the puddles. The books under his waterproof made his arm ache. Did she take 'em home really to study, or just to make him carry 'em for her?

"I love rain, don't you?" Velma Mae broke into a brief snatch of song. "Don't you just *love* that one?" she trilled. "How does the next verse go?"

"I don't even know what it is."

"Don't know what it is? Why, everybody's dancing to it!"

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"Everybody, not counting me."

"You?" Velma Mae's laughter floated on the damp air. "Why I bet you go to dances most every night. 'Everybody not counting you.' If you haven't got the greatest line!"

"But I ain't got any."

"Oh don't! You're killing me!" Velma Mae bent double with mirth. "Actually, that's the most adorable frown!"

Somehow it was no trouble for Baber to laugh too, though underneath ran a current of misery at his own incompetence that softened only when Velma Mae ran a warm fingertip down between his brows.

"Right *there*," she murmured, "two of the *straightest* lines. So severe! I wish I could." She contorted her small features in a vain attempt to reproduce that severity. "No, I can't make it. And I should. I have every right to be severe with you, oh awfully!"

"But Velma Mae . . ."

"No explanations please, Mister Baber. But it's too bad. It's a positive shame, that you go to see Miss Moody up in her laboratory but won't stop to see me."

"*I* go to see Miss Moody?" He drew up short, stiff with anger and alarm. "When did I ever go to see Miss Moody?"

"How should I know? But you did—you can't deny it."

"Last June I took my project report up to her laboratory on a Sunday morning. And the folks invited her on a picnic last summer. But that ain't going to see her, I hope?"

"How should I know? Besides, what is it to me?" Velma Mae yawned daintily behind carmined nails. "I only said you couldn't deny it."

"Who told you I had?"

"Is it awfully important to know?"

"It most certainly is!"

"Really, when you frown that way . . ."

"Skip it. Who was it was talking about me?"

Velma Mae paled a little. "It was such a long while ago," she stammered. "I can't be sure which of the girls . . . Aw please, Babe, you hurt!"

"Yes, you can remember." He gripped her arm tighter still. "I gotta right to know. Spit it out, Velma Mae!"

"Well then, it was Lulu Geer. Or I guess it was. I don't think it's a bit nice. . . ."

Lulu Geer! He drew away with disgust. Were these dames all in Lulu's racket together? He did not hear Velma Mae's strictures upon his rudeness nor her complaints that he had made her arm all black and blue, nor her piteous wail that he wasn't listening to a thing she said. Blind and deaf with indignation, it seemed to him that the raindrops that found their way inside his weather-proof turned to steam as they touched his skin.

★

SO IT'S Velma Mae?" Miss Murchison turned from Miss Moody's high, vine-hung window. "That snip! And him hardly out of short pants!"

Miss Moody shook her head, smiling. "No, Murchy. It could be any snip. The law of averages, you know. Velma Mae's not a prime mover. When she wrote that endearing command in Ellis's book she was copying someone else, who in turn was copying, to the end of time."

"In other words, it's just the present caper?" Miss Murchison cracked a chinquapin in her strong teeth, reflectively peeled off the shell. "Just the same, I ought to let his mother know whom he's running with. Sadie Mackay Baber and me just about grew up together."

Miss Moody took her friend firmly by the chin. "Murchy, you listen to me! You'll do no such thing! Anyhow, those two have got off to the wrong start, you see. Every minute they're together that smart crack will rise up to haunt 'em."

"Something betwixt a smile and a frown?"

"Worse, a halter about their necks. A first-class recipe to kill fun. Now you come over in the alcove while I get supper for you."

"Supper?" Miss Murchison groaned. "After all these nuts I've eaten?" She got heavily to her feet, emptied a lap of chinquapin shells into the wastebasket. "No, after I've visited your raccoons and possums it'll be time for me to run along. Helena," her eye strayed enviously about the raw silk hangings, the Navajo blankets, with which the study had been transformed, "while I do my breakfast dishes, I'll be thinking about your pretty things. And then, know what I'm going to do?" She looked at Miss Moody as if defying her to rally her worst. "Weather permitting, I'm going to take that book back to Ellis Baber this very evening!"

"And you're not going to erase that in the front?"

"Not a syllable! I'm going to leave it there for a cure!"

★

VELMA MAE'S air of plaintive repentance soothed Babe's ruffled feelings. This is cave-man stuff, he told himself. She just laps it up. It was with almost a confident swagger that he came to Velma Mae's doorstep. "Here's your books, child." He slipped them out from under his weather-proof, rubbed his aching wrists with a grimace. "Better count 'em darling, to be sure they're all there."

She ignored his effrontery. "Are you sure you can't just stop in for a little bit, Babe?" she pleaded. "I don't believe there's a soul at home, and we could learn those theorems so fast. You could say 'em over to me, and I . . ."

The whole business lay opened before him, a map of artfulness. Had she really 'lost' her book at all? Had she known all along that they would be alone at her house? Something within him took fright and scuttled, four-legged up the dark, warm, familiar burrow of virginity.

"Aw Babe, it would be such fun!"

Strange, how coldly his flesh responded now as she laid her small hand upon his arm, turned on him the full candle-power of those luminously sorrowful eyes.

Once Babe's Dad had said, safely out of his Mom's hearing, "There's always a time to say No to a woman:

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the first time!" He had thought it then a reference to a domestic dispute just passed. But was his Dad really intending a bit of Advice to the Adolescent? Could be.

"Sorry, Velma Mae," he spoke briskly. "If you could see that load of coal out in front of our house . . ."

"I've heard all that before," she answered pettishly, stooping to retrieve the key from under the sodden doormat. "If Murchy gives you a goose-egg tomorrow, it won't be my fault, remember that!"

"Okay." He walked backward a few steps along the sidewalk, feeling irrationally relieved of a multitude of vexations. "See, Velma Mae, I'm not frowning, are I?"

In his little triumph he did not realize until he had got half-way up the block—and then he might have been half-way around the globe!—how irretrievably, forever fatal his parting shot had been.

Lonely Shepherd

By JOHN COGLEY

AFTER *The Heart of the Matter* appeared in 1948 one American critic, the Benedictine nun Mariella Gable, said that the book had expanded the boundaries of the English novel. "It is nearly incredible," she wrote, "that it has taken the English novel two centuries to discover that the most important fact about man is man's relationship to God. During these two centuries boundaries have been expanded many times, but always toward outward peripheries. At the utmost edge have been explored the maggots of obscenity and perversion. Psychiatry has recently opened new territories. But if man is regarded merely as a victim of his subconscious, he is no longer interesting as a protagonist. Life is sound and fury signifying nothing. Now all areas of experience lie wide open to the artist. He is free to deal with reality wherever he finds it. But there is a vast difference in value between the peripheral realities of human nature and those which lie at the heart of the matter. It is Greene's distinction that he has chosen to write of the reality of realities—man's relationship to God."

Crawford Power, the author of *The Encounter* (Sloane. $3.) has made the same brave choice for his first novel, and it can be said right off that both his literary talent and spiritual insight were superbly ready for the test. *The Encounter* would be notable in any season. Coming at a time when a hasty pudding like *The Cardinal*—"the great novel of the Catholic Church"—holds first place on the best-seller list and is representative of the so-called religious trend, it calls for hats in the air and congratulations all around. That Crawford Power is a new, though not particularly young, writer is an added reason for general rejoicing. Just last year, Mr. Waugh, speaking of American Catholic fiction, referred to the "lonely eminence" of J. F. Powers. A new Power, it would seem, can now be added to this single glory. Mr. Powers, make room for Mr. Power!

★

POWER'S novel has to do mainly with the sudden involvement of a parish priest in the lives of a cheap circus performer and his trampy mistress, both of them from the fly-by-night world of hall-bedrooms and the cheap gin mill. Led by a mysterious dream, the priest comes to them from his rectory world of well-ordered Christianity and disciplined devotion. This is the encounter—the collision of the two worlds: the man who was meant to be all things to all men but hardly succeeded, and the shabby couple who to the last lived at an animal level, seemingly with no slightest concern for anything beyond the moment's urgency.

The priest's big opportunity comes and goes, not without its bitter fruit for him but with no apparent effect on the two. And it is this failure as a Christian, this thing missing in himself which the casual encounter shows up, that drives Father Cawder to an excruciating awareness of his own relationship to God, and gives Crawford Power the opportunity to present one of the most sensitive, searching examinations of spiritual realities in modern fiction.

★

FATHER CAWDER is a difficult, exceedingly complex man. He is a stern Christian, completely devoted to his priestly duty, acutely aware that charity is the one thing that matters, and still he remains a human iceberg incapable of ordinary pity, compassion or just plain interest in other people. He has, it is true, the intellectual equivalent of all these things: he feels bound to pity, he knows that compassion is proper to the Christian, he is led by a sense of duty to show interest. But such is Father Cawder's nature that he could easily intellectualize about charity until the thing itself had been driven out of existence.

He carefully practiced the outward forms of visiting the sick ("You and I are not saints, luckily,"—he told his assistant, Father Moran—"You are not obliged to put your mouth to the running sores of an old woman's arm if you find yourself squeamish"), of refusing to judge the sinner, and of going out after the lost sheep, but still he realized that there was something missing in his makeup and it was that very thing that made what for him was a burden of duty, a matter of intellectual conviction, into an effortless act of love for others. He envied his old house-keeper from whom love and pity—"for murderers and their victims, her covetous daughter and foul-mouthed boys in the street, mangy dogs snuffling in garbage and rats running over her feet in the dark"—sprung as quickly as blood from a new wound.

A scrupulous man, Father Cawder pondered himself and his motives incessantly, like a scientist busy with his microscope. What in another would have been the facile

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findings of the heart's searchings were in his case the scientific data of text-book investigation:

> He had quiety assumed then, must indeed believe—his pride was then a mania unsuspected in all his desires, the hidden spring of all his thoughts. Through the day, by night while he slept it lurked in wait, at hand with its idiocies. Was the root of his being only insolence? Pride being insolence to God and of all sins the most irrational. He had supposed he knew himself to be an unprofitable servant. On getting out of bed every morning, he stated to himself the fact that by the eye of God each of his parishioners could be deemed better than he. . . . Was his humility, he pondered uneasily, just a form of politeness to God? "Whited sepulchres" is the language used by the Holy Ghost of such men. . . .

Such is the priest of *The Encounter*—a man, he himself concludes finally, who respects the fact of God's existence, no other course being comprehensible, but with no benefit, since his faith is without charity. Before the tabernacle, he could not pretend to love; the faculty for love just wasn't there. And this he admits to himself, sadly. "I can envy the joy of those who love God, I who cannot love even another man." If only faith alone were enough!

Let the theologians take it from there.

Crawford Power seems to have provided a psychologically persuasive case that, like Scobie's, cannot be fitted into the theological manual's tidy classifications.

★

IN contrast to Father Cawder is his assistant, a good fellow named Moran, passionately anxious for social justice—a shallow pool beside the sea depth of Father Cawder but a devout, hard-working priest. Father Moran sees his priestly duty almost exclusively in terms of establishing credit unions, maternity guilds, a medical clinic and the like, turning the parish into a busy social center humming with study clubs, lectures on the encyclicals, rural-life conferences and all the varied activities that come under the heading of Social Action.

Moran reads THE COMMONWEAL and distributes the *Catholic Worker* and is itching to take a crack at every social experiment that comes along. In the view of the older priest, he seems to conceive of Christian charity as little more than social service, "a primitive, certainly less antiseptic, Red Cross." Like most of us, Father Moran, mercifully, would never know the anguish of seeing it all so clearly as Cawder did.

The curate was not the kind of "social-minded" modern Catholic who will rhapsodize freely about *The Woman Who Was Poor* but ever stay far from the smells of Mott Street. With him it was a matter of a hasty heart and little insight, precisely the reverse of his pastor. Christianity is not a matter of anguish for such people. They seem pre-disposed by both nature and grace to the easy practice of virtue. So between the two priests there was a natural wall. The pastor reminded himself that God does not distribute his graces evenly, and to the curate it was evident that if he disapproved of Father Cawder's cold ascetic practices he would have to condemn most of the saints too. But there could never be any meeting of minds between them, and each in his way was lonely.

★

I HAVE written at length on the two priests and have hardly gone into the story of *The Encounter*. The novel, though it moves along, is not plotty but heavily psychological. The all-important thing is the skilful portrait of Father Cawder. To some extent the other characters seem to have been neglected because of the author's absorbing concentration on the priest himself. Still, throughout, a variety of convincing characters make their appearance, like supporting actors moving on and off a stage dominated by a star. The only incredible people in the book are two nuns who appear briefly and from their wooden conversations with each other seem to have wandered from the pages of some other, vastly inferior novel.

Crawford Power writes with an icicle. He himself never, never intrudes. Whatever pity, contempt, compassion or feeling of any kind he might have for these creatures of his must remain a mystery. He probes and digs deep with surgical skill and never loses the surgeon's cold objectivity. It is as if he were saying, This is the way it was with a man named Cawder; make of it what you will.

It is hard to believe that *The Encounter* is a first novel, but it is. Crawford Power is a man in his late thirties, the father of four. The book is further proof, if any be needed, that even in literary matters there is still something to be said for maturity. In this case, something pretty wonderful.

Books

The Grand Alliance. Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. $6.00.

THE world is by now well aware of its good fortune in having the man who directed the magnificent British war effort a master alike of strategy and prose. Mr. Churchill's third volume on the Second World War is not only an important work—the authoritative Downing Street view of the multiplying emergencies of 1941—but also an amazingly readable book. Constructed around the directives, memos, and minutes that streamed from his remarkably well-informed office in that world of stress, it maintains a directness and an immediacy that at times rival the pace of an Eric Ambler thriller.

About half of *The Grand Alliance* is devoted to the British campaigns in the Eastern Mediterranean. Mr. Churchill acknowledges that Greece, Crete, Syria, and

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North Africa were minor fronts, but this was the theater in which the initiative and the responsibility were his. He studied every detail of supply; he followed the disposition of every brigade. However often he disclaims the primacy of these operations, the impression remains that it was with this traditional preserve of British imperial interests that his major concern lay.

Intelligence reports had convinced Churchill by the spring of 1941 that the Soviet Union was next on Hitler's timetable of attack, and he resolved to extend complete support to the Russians. On the evening before the invasion of Russia, his private secretary asked him how he could reconcile such a decision with his well-known anti-Communist sentiments. Mr. Churchill's reply is worthy of Bartlett's preservation: "I have only one purpose, the destruction of Hitler. . . . If Hitler invaded Hell I would make at least a favorable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."

But the alliance established after the invasion was evidently an uneasy affair. Mr. Churchill reports that his efforts to build up friendly relations with Stalin were met with "hectoring and reproaches." From the very beginning of their correspondence, Stalin pressed for the opening of a Second Front. The British Prime Minister found it extremely difficult to deal with a man committed to such absurdities.

Even the diversion of war materials to the Russian front was a serious matter at a time when British production and American supplies were scarcely meeting the needs of the British armies. Without challenging the conclusion that Russian resistance broke the power of the German armies, Mr. Churchill states that "it is right to make it clear that for more than a year after Russia was involved in the war she presented herself to our minds as a burden and not as a help."

Nor could he forgive his new ally for her almost two years of indifference to Britain's survival. His attitude is manifest in the apocryphal tale he tells of a Royal Marine visiting Moscow with a British mission. An Intourist guide was showing him the sights. "This," said the Russian, "is Eden Hotel, formerly Ribbentrop Hotel. Here is Churchill Street, formerly Hitler Street. Here is Beaverbrook railway station, formerly Goering railway station. Will you have a cigarette, comrade?" The British Marine replied, "Thank you, comrade, formerly bastard."

In contrast to his political difficulties on the Eastern flank, Mr. Churchill's relations with President Roosevelt became increasingly cordial during 1941. Roosevelt poured aid across the Atlantic through every loophole in American legislation. The head of a neutral nation, he took the unprecedented step of joining with Britain to proclaim the Atlantic Charter. But for all Churchill's undoubtedly sincere respect and appreciation, his narrative discloses little evidence of personal warmth or friendship between the two men in their early meetings.

AT the end of 1941 Mr. Churchill's widely-diverted attention was centered on the East. But in this unfamiliar area, his interpretation of events has less of its

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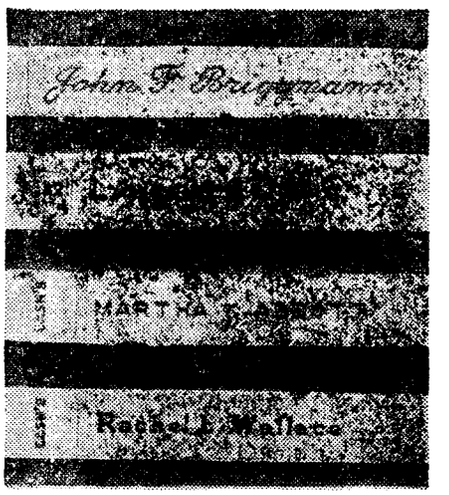

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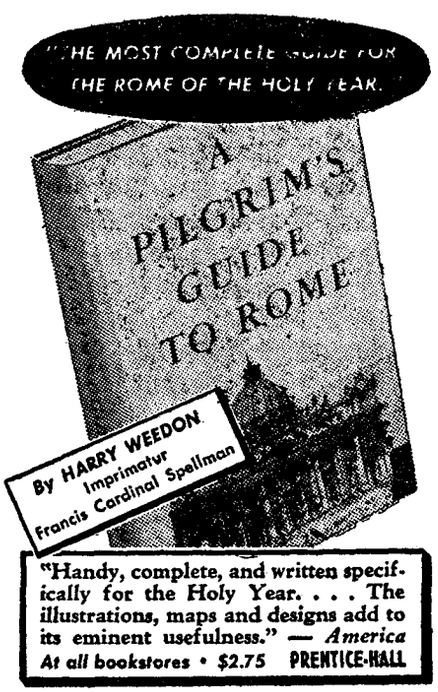
usual mastery. That he grievously underestimated Japanese strength (as did most of his contemporaries) he readily admits. But with all the advantages of hindsight, he nevertheless states that the economic sanctions imposed by the United States in July of 1941 were the deciding factor in turning Japan to war. He stresses the existence of peace-seeking elements in Japan; he dwells on the impossibility of Japan's accepting the United States' "hard" conditions of withdrawal from China. While he concedes that Japan was no injured innocent, he evidently remains convinced that "one set of people [the fanatical Army leaders] got control" and "compelled all others to obey and aid them in folly." This half-truth of conflict between Japanese fanatics and Japanese moderates, and its corollary, the inadvisability of taking strong action lest the moderates be weakened, had paralyzed effective Western action against Japan for over a decade. Mr. Churchill seemingly discounts America's final conclusion that the clashes in Japanese ruling circles were minor disagreements over timing and strategy, rather than the result of serious opposition to aggression itself.

In this third installment of his epic history, Mr. Churchill's style is simple and direct. With a few lyrical exceptions, he constrains the grand flourishes of his earlier books. His choice of words nevertheless remains so true that it is almost impossible to paraphrase a sentence. The author has used up all the right words.

CAROL H. WEISS.



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Roosevelt in Retrospect. John Gunther. Harper. $3.75.

THE way to get the most out of this glowing tribute is to dismiss at once the author's pretensions to an "appraisal." He is a straight Roosevelt devotee. He answers many unwarranted criticisms of his hero but also goes so far as to assert that the policy of Unconditional Surrender "did little if any harm." Mr. Gunther says further that if FDR had not sided with Stalin against Churchill at Teheran (and turned down the plan of Allied landings in the Balkans) the "Red Army might conceivably be in Paris and Milan today as well as Berlin and Budapest." The President's deviousness is ascribed to his unwillingness to give pain—cf. Newman's variously interpreted definition of a gentleman. Later, the Roosevelt method of presenting issues in a misleading fashion is presented as the only way he could put over what he knew was good for the country.

No, the thing to do is read this account for its gossipy and other tidbits of biographical information (from a plenitude of good sources). There is drama enough in the Roosevelt story for a whole series of volumes. Think of the man's magnificent victory over his physical handicaps. Or take the way he swept into office and gave his hitherto demoralized countrymen the many-sided changes of the initial "hundred days." Consider him as a political campaigner. If the peace had not turned out so badly, it would likewise be possible to follow breathlessly the duel between Hitler and FDR (but this part of the Gunther volume is terrifically telescoped).

The Roosevelt story inherently has fascination for both political friends and foes. It is therefore hardly surprising that Mr. Gunther has again produced a book that is hard to lay aside. There are times when you hover about the Roosevelt family and the small official circle. In the end you have not so much been inside Roosevelt as back at your own radio, or arguing with your friends, or back with the morning papers of a fearful decade.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Treasury of American Homes. Richard Pratt. McGraw-Hill. $12.50.

From Cave Man to Comic Strip. Lancelot Hogben. Chanticleer. $5.00.

TO SCOLD the ghost of John Adams is to be an ungrateful American, for no one of our founding fathers labored for the cause of American independence with quite his self-righteous vehemence. And yet, the more one reads of his writings, the happier one grows in the realization that America since his time has turned to other prophets for words of wisdom. In Adams' eyes, the fine art of architecture, as he saw it in France and England, was a disease, the slightest attack of which might be fatal to public morality. And in 1786, when he and Jefferson visited Stowe, Blenheim, and the other great English estates, the sight of such splendor filled him with genuine horror. "It will be long, I hope,"

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Adams set down in his diary, "before ridings, parks, pleasure grounds, and ornamented farms grow so much in fashion in America." As for the temples with which Lord Cobham decorated the gardens of Stowe, they were largely inexcusable. "The temples to Bacchus and Venus are quite unnecessary, as mankind have no need of artificial incitement to such amusement."

How seldom America has heeded John Adams' advice is splendidly revealed in one of the finer gift books of recent years, Richard Pratt's *Treasury of American Homes*. Here are dozens of kodachrome illustrations, often of generous proportions, to remind us of the American eagerness to live in the sumptuous style Adams abominated. Readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* are already familiar with Pratt's meticulous presentations of the greater and lesser houses of the colonial, federal, and romantic periods; the tragedy is, that while thousands of people may thumb through these plates with real enjoyment, only a few hundred photographers will ever appreciate the untold pains Pratt has taken to insure such results. Only a profoundly patient man in the ever-impatient world of journalism could have succeeded in staging so impressive a pageant of interiors and exteriors, from Ipswich to Natchez, and from Alexandria to Monterey.

Lancelot Hogben's *From Cave Man to Comic Strip* is a very different sort of treasury, being an analysis by a hasty if expert journalist of man's adventures as "the only picture-making animal." Perhaps the topic is too vast to be covered in so few pages. Or perhaps Hogben is merely another author meeting a deadline when he informs us, as he breezes over the mediaeval monks' contribution to culture, that the church "outstayed its welcome." Hogben believes that universal literacy is the clue to world peace, which may or may not be true, but one cannot help questioning his good-natured insistence that the end-all of our troubles is to speed up our educational processes. One may love Li'l Abner dearly without thinking that the comic strips are the answer to all our problems.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

Last Chance In Africa. Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace. $5.00.

THE cold war between the democratic and dictatorial forces of the world concentrates political interest on the two main fronts in Europe and in Asia. But the decision in this global struggle may be influenced by happenings somewhere else in the world, perhaps in Africa. There is a permanent struggle in the life of Africa: the attempt of the white race to maintain its hegemony, and the endeavor of the Africans to reshape the continent as a black empire. Behind the efforts of the Africans is Soviet power, while the democratic world would prefer to preserve the white man's rule. Thus the race conflicts of Africa are closely involved in the struggle to shape the future world. It is, therefore, important to understand the causes for the manifold tensions in Africa, and to find some way in which the black man and the white man can live on terms of cooperation and peace.

In this effort any source of unbiased knowledge is valuable, and Mr. Farson's book, though concentrating on impressions of a four-month trip through Kenya, throws multifarious light on the continent's human problems.

Kenya is a British Crown Colony of more than five million Africans, about one hundred thousand Indians, 24,000 Arabs and 30,000 white people. The Legislative Council, renewed every four years, feigns the character of a democratic institution. But of its forty-one members twenty are nominated representatives of the government, the Europeans are represented by eleven elected members, the Indians by five, the Arabs by one, and the more than five million Africans by only four. Until now the Legislative Council only endorsed the decisions of the government. It has never happened that the European, Indian, African and Arab delegates united in order to outvote the representatives of the government. Forty-one percent of the adult whites in Kenya are in government service. And this is not astonishing when one remembers that there are nearly five and a half millions of inhabitants to be administered. As in all British Crown Colonies the salaries of the higher officials are in a striking disproportion to the poverty of the colony.

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A large part of the book deals with the interests of the sportive white man; the great opportunities for fishing and hunting game, from lion and hippopotamus to the zebra and the gazelle.

BUT a great part of the book is devoted to the human conditions of African life, the psychology of the political and racial issues, the unequality of opportunity and the problems of education. Farson thinks it is bad for the position of the white man that older men like to go overseas, but the younger generation is not eager for such adventure. The Labor Government gave them the feeling of security against real destitution or such ill luck as sickness, or unemployment, so that there is no incentive for them to settle in countries where they would be confronted with adventurous risk, and where there are hard jobs to be done.

Farson presents a cross-section of the problems that have contributed to African discontent and admonishes the white man "to find some way in which to come to grips with the native's mind." He thinks that African education, run by the government, is odiously academic and does not produce enough skilled modern agricultural workers and craftsmen. The higher education is designed almost entirely for the white collar class, especially for government clerks, and makes the educated African a snob, shying away from manual labor and interested only in what he pleases to call "the higher things." The elementary schooling provided by the missions gets a better grade from the author who gives special praise to the Catholic mission school near Thika. Though not a Catholic himself, Farson makes no bones of his conviction that the Catholics have the best missions in Africa because they are based on self-discipline. But he claims that the sight of two world wars in which white nations fought each other has made the Africans extremely sceptical about the sincerity of the white man's Christian convictions.

Farson has the idea that it should be the task of education to bring about a better understanding between the white and the black man. But for two reasons the Africans are avoiding the education which the white man offers them. The African parents look on their children as a legitimate source of income and use them to herd the goats, sheep and cattle, or to pick coffee and tea (seasonal work for which child labor from six to nine years is used), instead of sending them to school. Many pro-African leaders fight the British school system for reasons of principle. They claim that this system aims to produce "black Englishmen," while they want to rear their race to be proud Africans.

But what has to be done to successfully take advantage of the white man's last chance in Africa? Farson says that a modus vivendi has to be found by which both civilizations can co-exist without provocation and animosity; that it is the task of psychological understanding to work such a way out and that British officials with their colonial experience are better fitted to do the job than a United Nations committee led by doctrinairism.

MAX FISCHER.

The Age of Indiscretion. Clyde Brion Davis. Lippincott. $3.00.

THAT Mr. Davis is one of the "masses" which his bête noire, Ortega y Gasset, sees rising all over the world; that he is not one of T. S. Eliot's "elite," seems to have gotten under his skin. If Gasset and Eliot are as insignificant as Mr. Davis insists, with no power over the minds of men, why all the hullabaloo he creates at the beginning and end of his racy boyhood story? Why does Mr. Davis drag in General Gordon and Stephen A. Douglas to bolster up his family and take such silly digs at Eliot as: "Dr. Eliot doubtless refers to corn as 'maize' now"? Whether Poe was of Irish or English extraction is another matter that agitates him; Poe was English, Mr. Davis insists, when in reality Eliot's "own great-grandfather emigrated to America by way of Ireland." Such issues seem rather puerile to this reviewer.

This entertaining bumptious book is full of such inconsistencies, but it makes excellent reading when Mr. Davis forgets his dislike of Eliot and lets himself go, describing his early life.

He fully approves of increasing ease in divorce; he is convinced that reading far from making a full mind destroys what mind the reader may have, confuses him or makes him a "yes-man." He makes fun of the classical education given in high school in his youth, and he thinks a mechanical education is preferable for a mechanic, as anyone would.

There is common sense in much that he says, but he fails to make a case for the culture of Chillicothe, Missouri, either at the turn of the century or today. Teachers may be better trained today, but are character and integrity better ingrained in the growing child? Mr. Davis is in love with our modern machine-made world; we Americans are just as good as anyone, he says, just as brave, just as cultured, and no more materialistic; in fact a mighty sight finer than the British under their German King, George III.

JOHN COURNOS.

• REVIEWERS •

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